

THE PULASKI CITIZEN.

VOLUME 8.

PULASKI, TENNESSEE, FRIDAY MORNING, NOVEMBER 30, 1866.

NUMBER 48

BUSINESS CARDS.

MEDICAL CARD.

DR. WM. BATTE.

Office at Store of CHILDRESS & BATTE, where he can be found at all hours of the day, unless professionally engaged. Will attend promptly to all calls, or any professional business entrusted to him.

JOHN S. WILKES.

Attorney & Counsellor at Law, PULASKI, TENNESSEE.

Will practice in Giles and adjoining counties. Can be found at the Office of Brown & McCallum, aug. 17-6m.

JOHN G. WHITSON.

Attorney at Law, PULASKI, TENN.

WILL practice in Giles and the adjoining Counties, and in the Supreme Court at Nashville. Strict attention given to all collections entrusted to him. OFFICE—May's Old corner—Up stairs, July 27-1y.

S. A. WILSON, M. A. CARTER, H. M. JAMES.

WILSON, CARTER & CO., COTTON FACTORS,

AND WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN

Groceries & Plantation Supplies, No. 104 MAIN STREET, CORNER WASHINGTON, [June 1] MEMPHIS, TENN.

COMMERCIAL HOTEL,

Corner Cedar and Cherry Streets, Nashville, Tennessee.

J. G. FULGHUM, Proprietor, Formerly of 23 North Summer St., J. G. Wilson, Clerk.

This Hotel has been lately refitted and newly furnished. The proprietor desires a liberal patronage of the traveling public. [May 18-6m]

SOLON E. ROSE,

Attorney & Counsellor at Law, PULASKI, TENN.

Office in the Southwest Corner of the Court House, WILL PRACTICE In the Courts of Giles and adjoining counties, [Feb 2]

AMOS R. RICHARDSON,

Attorney and Counsellor at Law, PULASKI, TENN.

Will practice in Giles and adjoining counties. Office in the Court House, Jan 19-1y

P. G. STIVER PERKINS,

Attorney and Counsellor at Law, PULASKI, TENN.

Will Practice in Giles and the adjoining counties. OFFICE In North end of the Tennessee House, west side of the public square, Jan 12-1y

BROWN & McCALLUM,

ATTORNEYS AT LAW, PULASKI, TENNESSEE.

OFFICE—The one formerly occupied by Walker & Brown, Jan 5, 1y

RUTLEDGE & REED,

Attorneys and Counsellors at Law, PULASKI, TENNESSEE.

WILL practice in the Courts of Giles, Marshall, Maury and Lawrence. Particular attention given to the collection of claims. Office at corner Public Square, Up stairs, Jan 5, 1y

LEON GODFREY,

Watch Maker & Jeweller, PULASKI, TENN.

All kinds of Repairing in Watches or Jewelry done promptly, and satisfaction warranted. Shop at Mason & Eells's Store, [Feb 16-1y]

Sam. C. Mitchell & Co.,

FUNERAL UNDERTAKERS, PULASKI, TENN.

ARE Agents for, and keep constantly on hand, Crates for the shipment of air-tight Metallic Coffins of all Sizes. Wood Coffins of all kinds furnished when preferred. We have a Splendid Hearse, and are fully prepared to wait on Funerals both in town and in the country. Mr. Mitchell will attend to the undertaking, and can be found at all times at doors above the Livery Stable, ready to wait on the public. [Feb 16-1y]

House Carpentering & Joining.

We keep plenty of good hands, and can do all kinds of Carpentering and Joining work in good style, and on as good terms as it can be done in the country. TERMS CASH. S.M. & CO. sept-1y

TONSorial.

ALEX and CALVIN, Knights of the art Tonsorial, invite the young, the old, the gray, the grave, the site of Pulaski, to call on them at their new BARBERS' SALOON, North side Public square, at the striped pole.

F. J. HENRY,

Brick Mason and Plasterer, PULASKI, TENNESSEE.

Is prepared to execute with dispatch and in a satisfactory manner, all kinds of BRICK WORK OR PLASTERING. Houses, chimneys, Cisterns, &c., built or repaired, and satisfaction guaranteed. aug-5m

Book and Job Printer,

CITIZEN OFFICE, PULASKI, TENNESSEE.

South-East Corner Public Square—Up Stairs. CASH required for all Job-work. No Job can be taken from the office until paid for.

Pulaski Citizen.

L. W. McCORD, Editor and Publisher.

Printed in the right the Printing Press should be, The tyrant's foe, the champion of the free; Faithful and constant to its sacred trust— Calm in its utterance in its judgments just; Wise in its teaching; incorrupt and strong To speed the right and to denounce the wrong.

PULASKI, TENN.

FRIDAY MORNING, NOV. 30, 1866.

Pack Your Thoughts.

Do not assume that because you have something important to communicate, it is necessary to write a long article. A tremendous thought may be packed into a small compass, made as solid as a cannon ball, and like the projectile, cut down all before it.

Short articles are generally more effective, find more readers, and are the more widely copied than long ones. Pack your thoughts closely together, and though your articles may be brief, they will have weight, and will be more likely to make impression.

"Ye who write for this busy age," says a late writer, "speak, use short sentences; never stop the readers with long or ambiguous words; but let the stream of thought flow right on, and men will drink it in like water."

Ladies Should Read Newspapers.

It is a great mistake in female education to keep a young lady's time and attention devoted to the fashionable literature of the day. If you would qualify her for conversation, you must give her something to talk about—give her education with this actual world and its transpiring events.— Urge her to read the newspapers, and become familiar with the present character and improvements of our race.

History is of some importance; but the past world is dead, and we have nothing to do with it. Our thoughts and our concerns should be for the present world, to know what it is, and improve the condition of it. Let the young lady have an intelligent opinion and be able to sustain a conversation concerning the mental, moral, political and religious improvements of our times.

A Good Rule Works Both Ways.

Men should practice some little of what they preach. For instance—the merchant who preaches encouragement to home enterprise, should not get his hand bills printed in Cincinnati. Or if he does, he ought to be careful not to allow them to be stuck up with the Cincinnati imprint on them.— Not that the imprint does any especial harm, but that it takes all the point out of his preaching.

Again, men who expect to make a profit on the goods they offer for sale, should, merely for the sake of consistency, allow others alike privilege. To illustrate: When a merchant wants a circular printed, for the sake of consistency, he should not say to us, "Why, I can get it done in Louisville or Cincinnati at—less than what you charge!" unless, forsooth, he proposes to let us have goods at Louisville or Cincinnati prices.

We make these remarks upon general principles and under our general privilege of lecturing, but if any reader finds the advice applicable to his own case, we beg him to accept it with our compliments. Were we in charge of a printing establishment in Louisville or Cincinnati, we should make it a point to do printing as well and as cheap as any other establishment in the same city, but as we happen to be located in Columbia, Tennessee, we prefer to regulate ourselves to prices that rule here. If any good people don't like it they have our full and cordial permission to let it alone. We are neither running a charity machine nor printing for Cincinnati customers.— Columbia Herald.

Romance of War.

The Tallahassee Sentinel relates the following: "During the late war, a corporal in Wheeler's famous cavalry, obtained a young recruit for the company to which he belonged, who for nine months fought bravely and endured hardships and privations which would have done credit even to the most hardened veteran to have undergone.

At the battle of Bentonville, in North Carolina, just prior to the surrender of Gen. Johnston's army, the corporal was struck in the head by a minnie ball, fell from his saddle, and instantly expired. The young recruit immediately dismounted, and clasping the lifeless form that lay on the ground, declared that he was her husband!

The young recruit proved to be a young woman who lived in North Carolina, but who having been despoiled of her home by the 'Great Fire Arson,' had determined to enlist in the army and remain during the war with her husband. Now, that he was dead, she expressed a desire to return to her friends, and was allowed to do so."

When is the best time to read the book of nature? When autumn turns the leaves.

Letter from Jeemes Shivers.

From the Nashville Gazette.

The following letter from "Jeemes," the son of our old friend Jack Shivers, will, we trust, again bring out the old man's views upon the present state of Tennessee politics.

It will be seen that Jeemes is a chip of the old block; but he is young and inexperienced, and, from some passage in his letter, we fear, is liable to be seduced into some Radical ways. His "daddy" should look sharply into Jeemes' associations.

Raccoon Hollow, Nov. 9, '66.

Mr. Jack Shivers:

DEAR DADDY—I hev not writ to you since I settled, and I reckon you're a gittin' ashy to hear from me.

Well, when I left the "creek" you know it was just about the time that governor Brownlow & Arnell & Fletcher & Jon Trimble & ole Mullins & Doogan tuck on that bigskeer about Andy Jonson's removal in the standin army from around them, & when Fletcher got up his "memorial" with all them Abraham men sined to it—a beggin and a pleadin with Andy Jonson not to take them till after squire Trimble's big hangin tuck place that war to cum off purty soon.

You know what a pashion I got into about Squire Trimble's guin to hang Jeff Davis and Ole General Lee, and how I war agwine to print the pictur of a big Shoo rite on the seat of Squire Trimble's britches and wood uv dun it ef it hadnt a bin fur the everlastin Standin army—howsumdover I spiled his hangin—so you see I jist kerkulded to take up my bed and walk to paris unbeknown whar that wuz not a radikil tu be found & arter many days hard marchine on short rashes I settled rite here in this holler & I thot I war outen the reach of Brownlow an his niggerworshippin Squad, and begun to feel happy like and wasent a keerin a cuss fur nobody nor nuthin, when I seed a movin objee a cummin rite a torde me, & the jewililkins it war a thing tu be seed—how my har got up an fluttered—my breth got short an my pulse got quick, an I felt as streaked as I did at the battle of Chickamorga—it war about 4 & a 1/2 foot high an lookt fur all the world like a big jug kivered up in broad cloth all but the stopper—it drawed itself rite up afore me an a squard itself an sez

"Howdy me naber."

an as soon as I heerd this I need I war dug up, fur it war ole Wins—hede binn round lexioneerin with the niggers in my best fur Congris.

After axin about you an all the fokes on the "Creek"—hopin they war all well an harty an makin out well an had razed good krap an had no hog colery an sich like palaverin, he sed I ort to jine the raderkils as they war alimty strong now an a gittin more stronger every day. He sed the big fite atwixt ole Thad Steeves an Andy Jonson had come off an it war elere to every body that Andy war whipt—he sed Brownlow & the legislator of Tennessee had past a law stoppin the honest whites from votin an forbidin smart men from holdin office, an this seeshun they war a gwine to pass a law givin the nigger the rite to vote, sed on jewrys an holdin office an "mixin ginerashuns," as Miss Anna Dickinson sed when she tuck on a spell of the carrishuns an war a cavortin round in such of a nigger husban—an he sed he ort to be alectad fur he had bin a workin fur a long time fur it, an had dun as much dirty work as any man kood boaste uv fur the place.

Here he begun to look pitifull, an sez he, Jeemes, I'm agwine to live economical this seeshun, as Andy Jonson had got in a huff because he tuck sides with ole Thad, an had turned his unofendin son outen the post-office, and war afeered him an his area war dune livin eazy. He sed ole Doogan war agwine to rent a house in Nashville this seeshun an git ole Dinar to keep it so he kood liv cheap and respectable, an he war agwine pardner with him in his enterprise ef he dident git jealous, fur, sez he, Doogan is a enterprisin man in his way.

Here he looked at me outen the corner uv his eye an sez

Jeemes, sez he, I gess you dont no what the word enterprise comes from nor what it means, as you never kept skool. Well, sez he, Jeemes, I've got a alimty site of skool larnin—hev kep skool the big eend uv my life—an the word enterprise cumms from too latin words—enter an prise—an means you must fast enter and then prize—an you see Doogan has alers acted on that prinsipul, and has got on purty well in the world.— But he sed Doogan had got mity partickler about who he tuck fur boarders, sence he war cotech with wool in his teeth last seeshun. He sed I must rite to you an git you to giv him a lift fur Congris as he war afeerd it woud be a mity tite fit fur him to make the trip as it war up hill all the wa an he war caryin big war.

Here ole Wins tuck time to blow, an I

axt him ef he thot it war rite fur him an hi squad to be passin laws stoppin the honest whites from votin an forbidin smart men from holdin office an givin niggers an raderkils the rite to vote when thar is sich a alfred majority agint? Here he jist drawd in his hed like a mumpin an then shured it out agin and blode like a porpus, an sez,

Now this be a tough Jeemes, the time is cum when ole fokes got to go under an ef we dont post down they will post us down, thats all. Now Jeemes you can see, sez he, war a nigger in self defense. He sed him an his squad war all agwine to Congris jist as soon as they got things stad up here so the niggers an the balance of the raderkils kood hold them strate, an as soon as Thad Steeves kood make room fur them in Washington, ef Governor Brownlow war agwine to tuck on Thad an hury him up, as all the legislatur is calculatin too emagrat in a body to Congris jist as soon as ole Thad can make room fur them.

Now, daddy, I want you to rite a letter, rite quick an hev it published, an tell everybody whether you ar in favor uv General Jackson & the Constitution or not, an takin sides with the whites.

So no more tell deth,

Your lovin Son

JEEMES SHIVERS

N. B.—Let us noe when you rite, what you think uv Brownlow's "Minit Men," he sez hes agwine to make his legislatur git up fur him—I reckon its a rite good thing, fur hes gittin ole an childish, an has to hev sumthin to amuse himself with—an ef you konklude to giv ole Wins a lift, an I reckon on you mount as well, fur no respectable man in our district woud hev the cussed office—so I spose you mount jist as well let the ole cuss go as he aint smart enuf to hurt nobody—you recormen him to Brownlow as a good man fur his nigger drillin business.

Further Desperate Designs of the Revolutionary Congress.

From the National Intelligencer.

Being profoundly impressed with the importance of the struggle through which the country is passing, and of the necessity of preserving the results gained by its triumphs in the field, and more recently at the polls, the undersigned, a committee appointed by the Soldiers' and Sailors' Union, of Washington, D. C., do in their name earnestly invite their comrades, the loyal veterans of the republic, with all other friends of the great cause of Union and liberty, to meet in a national mass welcome and council to be held in this, the Federal capital, on Saturday, December the 1st prox.

We ask your presence to honor and assure protection to the loyal majority in the thirty-ninth Congress, in whom we recognize faithful guardians of our assailed institutions and able supporters of the principles involved.

Come in your might! By your presence show how sternly loyalty can rebuke treason. Prove thereby that the threats and insults of a treacherous executive against the legislative branch of the government do not intimidate a free people.

Here in the Federal capital must our great struggle culminate in wise and equitable legislation. Here, then, should we assemble to encourage and strengthen Congress—to whose hands the constitution wisely entrusts the power—to such just action as will make peace permanent and liberty permanent.

D. S. CURTIS, R. J. HIXSON, A. J. BENNETT, W. S. MORSE, L. EDWIN DUDLEY.

Correspondence is invited and may be addressed, R. J. Hinton, Washington, D. C.—Chronicle.

We are pained and shocked to announce, from many sources of reliable information, that the above call looks to the establishment here of a permanent of an organized force, to be subject to the orders of Congress. What they may be, and what calamities impend over our beloved country, heaven only knows. But the ferocious counsels of Butler, Wade, and Forney may be carried out by the "sword, smoking with bloody execution."

We are reminded by this of the threats once made by partisans in New York, to organize an army of ten thousand men to encamp upon Capital Hill, to overawe the administration of Andrew Jackson.

"I wants to schipp in the Lucilla," said a Dutchman to a clerk in a shipping office.

"Well," said the clerk, pen in hand, "what's your name?"

"It is Hans Vanamsanderdaunse vancomendeymitchelenschubpeylsdtscherententromp," said the Dutchman gravely.

"Zounds!" cried the clerk, "do you know what it is in English?"

"Yow, ich doesh," said the Dutchman; it ish Von Schmidt!"

A CERTAIN INDICATION.—Take a string that will reach twice round the neck of a young lady; let her hold the ends in her mouth; then if the nooze will slip over her head to the back of her neck, it is a certain indication that she is married or wants to be.

To Young Men.

There is a great complaint among our manufacturers that they are unable to procure as apprentices intelligent American lads. They are forced, in consequence, to accept inexperienced and second-rate mechanics to execute work which requires skill and intelligence.

Our boys do not like to submit to the drudgery of mechanical labor, and give four or five years to employment at mere board-paying wages. It is an infirmity with American lads to prefer the yardstick, the study of Blackstone and the other lighter professions of trade, where they can support fine garments to that of the bronze mechanic in his laboring uniform. We regret to learn this evil is inaugurated to a great extent by American mothers, who prefer to see their sons relaxing tape, molasses, spoons of thread and rat-traps, to that of a respectable mechanic.

It is a fact that mothers and fathers are not aware that nine out of ten of the young men who embark in the law and mercantile business fail, and bring up in poor houses or penitentiary, while seven out of ten in the mechanical business succeed.

For the Pulaski Citizen.

"I had a dream which was not all a dream, The bright sun was extinguished and the stars Did wander darkling in eternal space."

I could not sleep. Time drew near to midnight and I drew near the corner. The full November moon looked beautiful—so did the stars. Oh! moon—

That giveth such a lambent light, That art the queen of love and night, Didst thou behold those dogs fight That soon?

I stood and gazed and exclaimed with the poet: "Sail on, oh—ship of State!" It sailed on. I heard a noise. A solitary pedestrian came slowly winding his way around the stony street of Second Main—What was painted on his dark brow I couldn't see. He opened his mouth:

"Wo-ho-wo-ho—wope, sur!"

I marvelled. He opened his mouth again:

"Heigh—who wee—who wee—who-ee!"

His voice was rich and deep.

Hark! what light from yonder window shines?" He turned in. I've got a woman's curiosity. I followed.

"Thou comest in such a questionable shape," he said. I had questioned him not. He spoke again:

"Is this a dagger which I see before me, the handle before me hard?"

The clerk said it was a "cheese-knife."

He looked aloft. "But as for me,

"Gie' me the light in woman's e'e!"

It done him good to say it. We both looked at the clerk, and then and there, "e'e looked love to e'e," which spoke again.— Oh! love, thou art a power!

"Gie' me strong drink," he said. The clerk gied him. I took a little for my stomach's sake. We sang a song. 'Twas

"Father, come home."

The tears came in my e'e—it was so touchingly sad. Thirteen more came in. They talked of cotton and looked bad. Their ages were from nine years up to a hundred. Each said he didn't drink, but all took a little. They seemed a little excited. One stirred his sample in the glass and drank it. One's hand trembled so he spilt hisen. One said "We are drinking thirteen pounds of cotton." I didn't think so. It looked like whiskey to me. One said 'twas bound to go up—another said 'twould go down, certain. Both were right. I went up and then went down. My friend got restless, and sweetly said—

"Gie' me the light so pure and bright, That beams in woman's e'e; Let others praise the starry rays, Her e'e's the light for me."

I differed with him. I like—ey best. We eyed. We went on the street. My friend said:

"Oh! Luna, thou art the moon!"

I said "bully." We walked united.—

"United we stand, divided we fall." That was what old Spoon Butler said. The stars shook. The papers said they'd fall. We considered the source and feared not. We went to bed.

Confound the Yankee! They tore up the country mightily. They tore two holes in my blanket. Friend got his head through one. So did I. I thought we were a yoke of steers. So did he. We dident gee well. Friend looked at me and said:

"Gie' me the light of woman's e'e?"

I said "Give me liberty or give me death."

I got liberty. The old split. We sank to rest. Friend dreamed bad dreams.—

Thought Brownlow had him. Friend tho't he had the itch. I spoke not—'twas my bed. My soft dreams were slumbers.—

Friend talked in his sleep. He said—

"Gie' me the light in woman's e'e!"

I said "Give me some water." More we saith not. Morning came.

My friend's e'e was

Rtd.

SINCE the overthrow of the Spanish authority in Mexico—not quite a half century ago—but three Presidents, it is stated, have served the full term of office for which they were elected. During the same period there have been more than three hundred revolutions in the country.

CROSS MARKS (X.)

Look out for cross marks on your paper. This indicates the expiration of your subscription. We are compelled to adhere to our rule of payment in advance. We hope you will renew without delay.

Important to Business Men.

The following from the Pittsburgh Gazette, a sketch of a business house in that city, admirably illustrates our views:

"In a brief interview with one of our most liberal patrons, a few days since, we inquired his experience in the policy of advertising. We regard his answer as noteworthy, and commend it to the consideration of others. He said the same kind of business in which he is engaged had been carried on at the same stand for ten years by one, and nearly ten years by another predecessor. That these men gave diligent attention to their business, were sober and frugal, but spent nothing for advertising. They were just barely able to eke out a living. That he bought out the concern ten years ago, and begun debtor for the whole establishment. He felt poor, and only expended fifty dollars per annum in each of the business papers the first year; that subsequently he increased his expenses to several thousand dollars annually for advertising, and the result has demonstrated its marvelous utility, and he is to-day worth \$175,000, and his annual profits are constantly increasing.

The Corn Crop.

The Fall season has come, says "Brick" Pomeroy, and the glory of the corn fields resemble the beauties of a New England school marm after a ten years campaign teaching nigger babies their ba-ba's!

Corn makes good cider. Two dollars per gallon tax is now placed on corn cider, so us Western farmers can support the Government. It is wicked to drink corn cider. Rum is now made in New England. New England patriots beverage on Rum. It is not a sin to drink Rum! The tax on New England Rum is but fifty cents a gallon. But it is all right to protect New England and her choice beverage, for Rum, Tracts, and all such are her best holt.

Let the farmer raise corn, for it is a good thing to pay taxes with if you have enough of it! And it is good to fatten hogs, niggers and bond-holders on!

An Editor Thanking his Stars.

Mr. George D. Prentice, senior editor of the Louisville Journal, acknowledges the sympathy of the press during his recent illness, in the following felicitous manner: "Our heartfelt thanks are due to very many of our brethren of the press for their kind notices of us during our late illness. Their sympathy soothed and cheered us. It seemed to throw a calm and lovely light upon the world, and make us wish to linger still among our fellow-men.

"There is much that is beautiful and holy and hallowing in sickness. Its influences are purer and better than those of health. Indeed the feebleness of the body is often the health of the soul. We see and hear what we may not in the season of our physical strength. Myriad spirits of their flutter over the dividing line between two worlds, uttering to mortal beings the tones they have learned in heaven. As we move downward upon the sombre a mysterious pathway that leads to the door of the tomb, we behold, as from the depths of a shadowy well and cavern, the pale serenities of floating stars, all invisible in the glare and sunshine of the upper air, and their sacred and blessed light need never fade from the spirit."

What Mr. Vallandigham Says.

In a recent speech delivered in Ohio, Mr. C. L. Vallandigham, referring to the proposed attempt to impeach the President, said:

"But no matter; let me warn all concerned that this pretended impeachment, this intended deposing the President, will be resisted to the last extremity. He is President under the Constitution, and has precisely the same right to exercise the duties of the office to the end of his term, March 4, 1869, that the members of the Senate or House or any other of the officers of the Government have, and these men will find a million hearts of oak and arms of steel to defend him in the enjoyment of that right. We want no more war—above all, no more civil war; but if they will force it, it shall be, it will be 'war to the knife, and knife to the hilt.'"

A VENERABLE STOVE.—The oldest stove in the United States, if not in the world, is that which warms the hall of the capital of Virginia, in Richmond. It was made in England and sent to Virginia in 1770, and warmed the House of Burgesses and the General Assembly for sixty years before it was removed to its present location, where it has been for upwards of thirty years. It has survived three British Kings; and has been contemporaneous with four monarchies, two republics, and two Imperial governments of France. The great republic of America has been torn by civil war, the breaches partly healed; and still this old stove has remained unmoved in the midst of all.